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The place of translations in the study of the Classics is a theme of great contemporaneous interest to many classical students, especially in the West, remote and near, where courses are not infrequently, I believe, given in Greek literature by instructors of Greek to pupils who know not a word of Greek and where efforts are making constantly to stimulate interest in the Classics by giving performances of Greek plays in English. The matter has already received some attention in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY (see 1.122-124, 129-132, 3.241, 4.9-10). The subject is taken up again now because of some especially illuminating remarks by Professor Gildersleeve, than whom no scholar is better entitled to speak on the subject, in the current number of the American Journal of Philology (31.358-361, in Brief Mention).

Professor Gildersleeve is concerned first of all with the form of translations, particularly with the use of rhyme in translations; in his conviction rhyme is a dangerous tool, whose faulty use results not infrequently in massacre of the helpless original. He passes on to a brief consideration of Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides's Iphigenia in Tauris. One sentence of this brief consideration is striking: "The best plan for the Grecian would be to read Professor Murray's Iphigenia as if it were an original poem and try to find in it the charm that Professor Murray's renderings have for those who see Euripides only through his eyes".

Presently Professor Gildersleeve writes as follows:

But as I turn from the translation to the original I am reminded of those who are ready to say, in illustration of a familiar thesis, that an intelligent reader, innocent of Greek, will get much more out of Gilbert Murray's translation or transcription than can possibly be squeezed out of the original by the schoolboy, who painfully puts together what are to him the disjected members of a Greek sentence and clothes them, not with the vernacular—that might be amusing—but with the piebald lingo that has been handed down from schoolmaster to schoolmaster as the proper attire for the classics. To the true Grecian a little Greek is better than none. Even the proper names are untranslatable. The finest line in Racine, says Gautier, is "la fille de Minos et de Pasiphaë", which occurs suspiciously early in the Phèdre, just the position in which favorite verses are apt to occur. But "Minos and Pasiphaë" in English has no such effect as "Minos et Pasiphaë" in French, and Pope's Iphigénia and Professor Murray's Iphigenia lack the dactylic surge

of the Greek Ἰφιδέεια, whose other and queenlier name is Ἰφιδνασσα.

Translation is indeed a hopeless task, but this very hopelessness is, in a sense, the measure of its usefulness as an initiation into the spirit of the author and of the language. No better way of introducing the novice to the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace than a close study of the Commentarius ad modum Minelli, the *ordo* of the Dauphin edition. Every change of a word is for the worse and the schoolboy learns why.

Later, Professor Gildersleeve says:

the horse is sometimes a very inconvenient animal to the translator, and 'steed' is generally accepted as a poetical equivalent. So Jebb, accounted the prince of translators, renders εἰπὼν τᾷδε χώρᾳ 'this land of goodly steeds'. By the way εἰ in compounds is often negligible and I should prefer to say 'Land of steeds' as Burns says 'Land of cakes'. True, 'steed' is a fine old A.-S. word, but it means 'stallion' when it does not mean 'mare', and the Authorized version which is chiefly concerned with chariots does not use it. So here we have to do with a chariot. The steed does not work so well in harness and we feel the same incongruity that amuses us when we read

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift you flew

Her neat postwagon trotting in.

The little word τε in Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε is a resurgent trouble. Every Grecian feels the difference between τε and καί, but to reproduce it would cost more than it comes to and would thus violate one of the great canons of translation. τε links. Combine it with καί and we have a pair of handcuffs, a pair of nippers such as Socrates claps on the notorious brace of Sophists, ὡς Εὐδόμη τε καὶ Διονυσόδωρε. But despite the canon just cited, Professor Murray is overborne by his feeling for τε and interprets it by 'linked king with king'. All this is fourth form erudition, but the fact abides, that for everyone who knows Greek at all this fantastic procession of caps and bells dances down the margin of every translation from beginning to end. C. K.

What has been written above reminds me of an article in The School Review for September (18.488-490) entitled Cribbing and the Use of Printed Translations, by Mr. M. M. Skinner, of Leland Stanford University. However, Mr. Skinner writes with German ever in mind and from a strictly pedagogical standpoint. Critics of the Classics and teachers of the Classics both are all too prone to forget that most of the complaints that are brought against the teaching and study of the Classics can with equal truth be brought against the teaching of

modern languages, a task which I for one am prone to regard as far easier than that of the teacher of the Classics. To this matter I think I shall recur presently, citing utterances of Professor Grandgent concerning the teaching of French. From this point of view Mr. Skinner's brief article has interest for us. Again some of his definite suggestions—a better adaptation of the texts set for reading to the students' stage of advancement and powers and the development of the students' capacity to read (in a word the cultivation of power over the language) reflect exactly some of the results of the endless discussion of the method(s) of teaching and studying the Classics.

C. K.

BYWAYS OF ROMAN VERSE

(Concluded from Page 14)

Let us now glance at the Roman poet as a lover of nature, of the flowers, the birds, the landscape. By the great classic writers landscape was valued merely as a stage setting¹. For instance, take Horace's description of Soracte in Winter. It serves as a framework on which to hang a beautiful ode to youth and pleasure.

Vast white Soracte towering now I see
In snow thick-mantled: nor can each bending tree
Sustain its crystal load, and streamlets
Halt in their flow at the frost's sharp bidding.
Dispel the bleakness, heaping upon the hearth
Great logs in plenty, and with unstinted mirth
Broach now that jar of strong old Sabine,
O Thaliarchus—the double lipped one.
All else to Gods leave; they who can swift restrain
The wild winds warring with the tumultuous main;
Nor cypresses nor ancient ash trees
Toss in the blast their gaunt leafless branches.
Cease then to question, "What will the morrow
bring?"

Count up for profit what the day's chance shall fling
Before thee; nor sweet love nor dances
Spurn thou, O Youth, in the bloom of living,
Ere age's whiteness show in thy saddened look.
Now let the park shades, let sweet secluded nook
And gentle whisperings at nightfall
Call thee, my boy, at the hour of trysting.
Now let gay laughter ring from some deep recess
Betraying maiden hiding from thy caress:
Now catch the kiss in playful wrestle;
Catch it twixt fingers resisting coyly.

This splendid classic stands in sharp contrast to the treatment of the nature themes that follow. Nature for nature's sake we find only in the poets of the Byways. Nature may not inspire the loftiest flights of poetic fancy, but her inspiration is no less real, and very sweetly did some of these

obscure poets respond to it. The Romans were a flower loving race as their descendants are to this day; and above all blossoms they loved the rose. Associated with the worship of Venus, the rose became a cult in itself and a symbol of the exquisite and perishable beauty of youth, the beauty of a young girl. Luxorius to the hundred-leaf rose, the lovely rose of Provence, thus pays tribute:

Surely the golden sun with the glow of his rising
hath tinged thee,

Choosing thee, beautiful bud, one of his glorious
beams.

Or if thou be the mythed Cypris Rose, of an
hundred rare petals,

Into thee Venus hath poured her life torrent's
crimson streams.

Star of all flowers art thou, the Light Giver come
to our gardens:

Thee for thy fragrance and tints Heaven's own
honor beseems.

Florus, elsewhere seen as the disenchanted lover
and cynic, still retained sentiment enough to be a
passionate devotee of the rose. He writes:

Roses have come: they have come! to the balmy
magic of Springtime.

One day reveals but a spray, the bud scarce showing
upon it:

Next the pyramids green, all swelling with promise
of beauty:

Third the calyx divides: the fourth brings the
flower's perfection.

Ah! they will wither today, except in the morning
you cull them.

Among nature poems may be placed a skit introduc-
ing Cupid, a piece of sheer fun by Modestinus:

Cupid, the saucy kid, by winged sleep conquered
was lying

Midway a myrtle copse in grasses spangled with
dewdrops.

Then from the dark abode of Dis some spirits came
flying,

Gathering warily round—these ghosts with his fires
he had tortured—

Then follow some verses rhyming alternately in
present subjunctives of the first and third conjuga-
tions, half their comedy lurking in the jingle:

"Ecce meus venator", ait, "hunc", Phaedra, "ligemus".
Crudelis, "Crinem", clamabat Scylla, "metamus".

Colchis et orba Procne, "Numerosa caede necemus".
Didon et Canace, "Saevo gladio perimamus".

Myrrha, "Meis ramis", Euhadneque, "igne creme-
mus".

"Hunc", Arethusa inquit Byblisque, "in fonte nece-
mus".

Here the sleepy urchin wakes with a yawn, sees
his spooky enemies and without so much as a twinge

¹ See, however, Miss Haight's article in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 3:242-247.

of conscience glances over his shoulder to see that his wings are in trim, and is off in a trice mocking: Ast Amor evigilans dixit, "Mea pinna, volumus".

"Lo! my pursuer lies here. Come quickly", quoth Phaedra, "let's tie him".

Cruel Scylla exclaimed, "Those lovely tresses! We'll shear him".

Colchis and Procne bereaved, "With torturous slaughter draw nigh him".

Dido and Canace then, "With relentless weapon we'll spear him".

Myrrha, "With faggots of mine", and Evadne, "with fire let us fry him".

Byblis and then Arethusa cry out, "In water we'll try him".

Cupid awakening sneers, "My pinions, how quickly we'll fly 'em".

The Roman poet as a painter of landscape I shall illustrate by two examples, each claimed as the most beautiful in the language. They mark two widely separated periods, one the rise, the other the decline of Roman literary art. Nearly 600 years part the authors, Pacuvius the tragedian of early Rome and Tiberianus the Spanish poet of nature. The difference in the points of view is typical of the respective periods. To the former appeals the sublimity of the storm, to the latter the delights of the Summer scene. Both are, curiously enough, in the same metre. A ship has left harbor, its passengers in high spirits; a day of sunshine on a still sea is closing in tempest:

Glad in their departure gaze they on the graceful dolphins' play;

Never weary of beholding gaze they through the livelong day.

Now the sunset hour draws nearer, roughens now the shivering deep;

Double darkness lowers around them, night and the rain clouds' blinding sweep.

Flames from cloud-edge unto cloud-edge flash; the skies are thunder-riven:

Sudden hail with rain torrential falls in driving gusts from Heaven.

Bursting forth from every quarter, raging winds sustain the blast:

Wild the cyclone roars around them! boils the deep with surges vast.

What could be more in contrast with this wild grandeur than the following charming glimpse of woodland and meadow, fresh in the dew of a Summer morning?

Flowed the river 'mongst the grasses, pouring through the valley cool,

Smiling with the glint of pebbles, mirrored blossoms in each pool.

Dark green laurels overhanging and the myrtle copses stirred

Gently with caressing rustle at the breeze's whispered word.

Under foot the soft grass carpet studded with exquisite bloom,

Crocus blushed and lilies glistened in the weave of Nature's loom.

There the shadowed groves were fragrant with sweet breath of violet:

Mid the gifts of Spring's profusion, radiant beauties jewel-set,

Shines the Queen of all the perfumes, shines the Goddess color knows,

Purest gold among all flowers, shines Dione's flower, the Rose.

Crisply waved the grove's wet grasses with the dew drops glittering;

Here and there clear rippling streamlets welled from many a copious spring;

Mosses and the green of ivy draped the grottoes' rock hewn sills,

Whence the oozing drip of water trickled in transparent rills.

Every bird within these shadows lays of passing sweetness sings,

Warbling forth glad notes of Springtime and their soft love-twitterings.

Here the stream's low-murmured music sounds in concert with the trees

Which the Zephyr-Muse sets rustling, the melodious vocal breeze.

So to one who walks green copses, lovely, fragrant, musical,

Bird and river, breeze and flower, grove and shade, the soul enthral.

Last of all we come to that exquisite ode to Spring, the *Pervigilium Veneris*. Nearly 2000 years ago an unknown poet was moved to lofty strains of song by Spring's return and the ceremonial of the time. It may be called the Roman Easter Hymn, for even as the Easter of our own era is the joyous commemoration of a Resurrection, so the wilder, madder ceremonies of the Floralia marked the resurrection of the Universe from wintry death. Chaste and pure amid the national obscenity of Rome's decline, the poem gives us one brief, flashing glance into the heart of antiquity beating in unison with Nature's own; while the beautiful refrain is at once the philosophy of the poet's intensely pagan soul in revolt against the new cult of the Nazarene, and, in its iteration and reiteration, "the last lament of expiring poetry in Rome".

Love tomorrow, who has ne'er loved; who has loved, tomorrow love.

Spring is new! the Spring melodious! All the world is born in Spring.

Lovers' vows in Spring are plighted; mating birds in Springtime sing.

- Then the groves toss loose their tresses, bathed in
vivifying showers.
Lovers' jointress on the morrow, deep in shade of
bosky bowers,
Weaves her green retreats of myrtle, flexile as the
whip-like vine:
Laws Dione gives tomorrow, loftily enthroned,
divine.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Aether first upon the morrow shall the nuptials
celebrate:
So from Spring-clouds shall the Father all the
seasons recreate.
Germinating rains have fallen on the maternal lap
of Earth,
Whence to all the varied offspring of her substance
gives she birth.
Fashioned of celestial ichor, Ocean on his foam-
flecked sphere
Bade the billow-tossed Dione mid the sea-herds
rare appear.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
She, Creatress by her spirit permeating veins and
soul,
Rules in secret mystic power o'er the universal
whole:
Rules o'er Earth and o'er the Heavens, rules where
Ocean's surges roll.
She to Path of Life transforms her proud proces-
sional through Earth,
Bidding all the world attain to knowledge of the
Ways of Birth.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
She all ancient Troy's descendants far to Latium
conveyed;
She upon her son in wedlock then bestowed
Laurentian maid.
Then that she create Quirites, Ramnes, and their
children's sons,
Romulus, her first born hero, Caesar, heir in
coming aeons,
She from out her holy temple Vestal chaste to
Mars presents.
She it is Rome's ravished union with the Sabine
maids cements.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Joy gives life to rural regions; Venus' presence
there is rife:
Love himself, Dione's offspring, in the fields 'tis
said found life.
Him she folded to her bosom when Earth had
passed her birth-throes' hours,
And she nourished him on kisses, luscious kisses
of the flowers.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
She the purpling year has painted that with floral
jewels glows:
She exposes to the Wind Gods breast-formed
buds of fragrant rose
Swelling with the breath of zephyrs, and she
scatters moistening showers
Of the dewdrops still left sparkling by the breeze
of night's dark hours.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Look! These trembling tear drops glisten, quiver-
ing with detaching weight:
Still the tiny poisoning globule, clinging yet, defers
its fate.
Look! The crimson-blooming rose buds cast aside
their bashfulness:
Then that moisture which the stars on balmy
nights of Spring express
Frees at morn their virgin bosoms from the calyx's
damp caress.
She ordained at early morning virgin rose to
wedded bliss.
Bride, from Venus' blood created, warmed by
Love's impassioned kiss,
Sharing the Sun-glow's radiant spirit, the Flame-
soul that the jewels steal,
Shall not be ashamed tomorrow for her Wind
God to reveal
All her blushing self, once shrinking, flame-clothed
beauty to conceal.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Nymphs! . . . the Goddess has commanded
. . . walk beneath the myrtle tree.
With the maidens, their companion, strolls a boy
. . . it cannot be
That if he bears arrows with him, Love is bent on
idle play.
Go, ye Nymphs! for, arms discarding, Love is on
a holiday.
He was bid unarmed to wander, naked was he
bid to go,
Lest he harm some timid creature with his arrows,
fire, or bow.
Nymphs, beware! nor walk too careless; Cupid
is so rich in charms:
Love when wandering nude bears on him fullest
panoply of arms.
- Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Venus sends to thee her maidens, pure as thyself,
from all stain clear:
"One thing is there we implore thee, Virgin Delia,
leave us here,

So the grove may be all bloodless, free from wild
game's dying moan,
And may deck its shadowed verdure with sweet
blossoms newly blown.
Fain would she invite thee also, could she swerve
thy constancy;
Fain would she thou camest, Virgin, if it so be-
seemeth thee.
Then three nights wouldst thou behold here bands
of revelling chorus maids
Mid the gathered throng go trooping through thy
dim lit forest glades.
Wreathed are they with crowns of blossoms; in
their myrtle bowers they rest:
Present too are Ceres, Bacchus, and the God who
poets blessed.
Lengthen every sweet night hour! Vigil keep with
jerry song!
In the forest reign Dione! Delia, flee this revel
throng".
Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
Then the Goddess gave her mandate: "Place my
throne mid Hybla's flowers".
There surrounded by the Graces, she, High Priest-
ess, wields her powers.
Hybla, lavish all thy blossoms, all that the teem-
ing year doth yield:
Hybla, don thy flowery garment culled from
Aetna's spacious field.
Here will gather rustic maidens; maids of the
mountain gather here;
All, whoever bide in forests, shady groves, or
fountains clear.
She has summoned all before her, Mother of the
Winged God,
Charging maidens ne'er in Love trust, when Love
strolls unarmed abroad.
Love tomorrow who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.
See! beneath the bending broom plant bulls with
mighty flanks recline;
There in quietness each basks in mated union with
the kine.
Thick fleeced rams in shady pastures stroll with
bleating flocks along:
Carolling birds the Goddess charges ne'er to still
their clear voiced song.
Now the honking swans make echo every marsh
with raucous cries;
While 'neath shade of spreading poplar nightin-
gales make melodies.
One would think love's tenderest promptings from
their tuneful throats are sung,
Nor believe them there lamenting Tereus' victim
fair and young.
Love tomorrow, who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love.

They are singing. I am silent. When will come
life's Spring for me?
When shall I, like twittering swallow, cease from
taciturnity?
I have lost my muse by silence: Phoebus looks
on me no more:
Silence thus destroyed Amyclae hiding the ap-
proach of war.
Love tomorrow, who has ne'er loved; who has loved,
tomorrow love. B. W. MITCHELL.

REVIEW

Plato's Doctrine of Ideas. By J. A. Stewart, White's
Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University
of Oxford. Oxford: The Clarendon Press (1909).
Those who are acquainted with Professor Stew-
art's recent (1905) book on the Myths of Plato
will be prepared for the treatment of the Platonic
Ideas followed in this study. In many of the dis-
cussions and in many *obiter dicta* in his former work
the author's own philosophical stand-point and his
interpretation of the Platonic philosophy were in-
dicated and in his pages on Kant's Categories of the
Understanding as well as in his "defense of Plato
against a charge brought against him by Kant",
his conception of the *εἶδη* of Plato as functions of
the understanding and modes of thought is made
clear. He then states it as his belief that the Kan-
tian distinction between Categories of the Under-
standing and Ideas of Reason is at least implicit
in the Platonic doctrine and in his definition of the
Platonic myths as "Dreams expressive of Tran-
scendental Feeling told in such a manner and such
a context that the telling of them regulates for the
service of conduct and science the feeling expressed"
the central thought of the second part of the later
book is anticipated. In his later book there is a two-
fold discussion, first, of the Ideas as a contribution to
methodology and, second, as an expression of
aesthetic experience. Compare pages 347 ff. of his
Myths of Plato.

In the first discussion Professor Stewart has much
in common with Natorp's method of treating the
Platonic Idea. Professor Stewart, however, finds
Natorp in error in making the Phaedrus the first dia-
logue in which the Doctrine of Ideas is definitely
dealt with, and maintains that this doctrine on its
logical side is developed in the earliest or 'Socratic'
group. Although greatly extended and enriched in
later dialogues, the Platonic Idea, in Professor Stew-
art's view, is found in the Charmides, in the Laches,
in truth "wherever there is scientific explanation,
wherever context is thought out". He finds that
the advance which Plato's thought makes beyond the
method of Socrates is that the concept is no longer
made to depend on the particulars observed, but
is to be regarded as part of the system which in-
cludes it. This sort of independence is meant by

the *τὸ χωριστὴν εἶναι* which has given rise to such endless discussion. The problem of knowledge, then, does not first appear in the *Meno*, to be continued in the *Cratylus*, finally to reach the Ideal Theory in the great dialogues of the first Platonic group, but is under consideration from the first. In his development of this conception of the Ideal Theory Professor Stewart's language shows the influence of present-day philosophical discussions and he does not hesitate to call Plato's "eternal truths" "pragmatic postulates". So, regarding the Ideas in Plato on their methodological side as the points of view from which a man of science regards his data, as Laws of Nature, as instruments of thought constructed by the mind to serve the purposes of human life, Professor Stewart explains the much-vexed terms *μίμησις*, *παράδειγμα*, *μέθεξις*, *παρόνοια*, used of the relation of object to idea, as different ways of saying the same thing, not as significant of a change in Plato's doctrine of the relation between Idea and Particular. He maintains that Aristotle, while grossly misunderstanding and misstating Plato's Doctrine of Ideas, nevertheless opposes to that doctrine a Doctrine of *Laws*, not of concrete or quasi-concrete Things—which is practically identical with Plato's doctrine rightly understood. And further after making Plato an Aristotelian—if rightly understood—Professor Stewart also holds that Plato represented the Pragmatism of his day as opposed to the stiff Intellectualism of the *εἰδῶν φίλοι*. It must be said that the Pragmatists themselves are slow to recognize Plato as one of their own. For example, F. C. S. Schiller in his *Plato or Protagoras* (1908) says "Plato, doubtless, would never have admitted that such mere instruments of knowing were true 'Ideas'. Hence though we may be glad that he has expressed for all time the perfect exemplar of the rationalistic temper, we cannot in these days imitate his superb fidelity to an impracticable ideal".

The task of reconciling Plato's own language in describing the Ideas with the conception of them set forth in the first part of this book Professor Stewart essays in the second part, that devoted to the Ideas as expressing aesthetic experience, avowedly the most difficult part of his argument. Hence he emphasizes still more strongly the statement already made in the earlier part that Plato-scholars of today and Plato's greatest pupil have alike erred through neglect of the "double Experience" to which Plato gave expression in the Doctrine of Ideas. In this part the Platonic Idea is considered as an object of contemplation, sharply distinguished by Professor Stewart from the Idea as an instrument of thought. This involves a most interesting discussion of the psychology of aesthetic experience with reference to Plato's ecstatic conception of the Idea, which led him to speak of it as self-existent, thus confusing Aristotle and all succeed-

ing generations as to his true conception. The author argues that Plato, while devoting whole dialogues to showing that science is impossible if the separation between sense-object and concept is insisted upon, yet is always falling into phrases in which he seems to insist upon it, because of the contamination of his experience of discourse by that of aesthetic contemplation. This contamination Professor Stewart admits is the thing that accounts for the vitality and perennial charm of the Platonic Ideas. "It is not by his logician's faculty of connected discourse, extraordinary as that is, but by his seer's power of fixed contemplation that Plato has been and still is a living influence".

This psychological interpretation of Plato, interesting and suggestive as it is, yet is open to the charge of reading into Plato the results of modern thought. In this connection a foot-note on page 109 seems significant. "Literal interpretation of Plato's Greek may seem to be against Lotze's view; but psychological interpretation, I feel sure, will eventually establish it". It seems, however, that to appeal from Plato's Greek to modern psychological interpretation involves its own dangers.

The book is written with all the charm of style that characterizes the author's *Myths of Plato* and is informed and enriched by his philosophical and psychological interests and his deep culture in the "litterae humaniores". It is indeed one of the most suggestive and stimulating books that have appeared on the Platonic Ideas.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

GRACE HARRIET MACURDY.

SUMMARIES

The following extracts of notices of recent works of interest to readers of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY are taken from the first ten numbers of the current volume of The New York Nation.

(1) *Six Greek Sculptors*, by E. A. Gardner (Scribners). These are Myron, Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus. There is a preliminary chapter on archaic sculpture, and a final on the Hellenistic period. The essay on the style of Scopas, the initiator of the pathetic tendency, is particularly valuable, though the conclusions are tentative. These studies of style make for a more discriminating appreciation of the qualities of Greek art. Yet the book has a number of unaccountable omissions, and it would seem from them that the manuscript was completed a matter of three years ago, and not subsequently revised.

(2) *Scripta Minoa*; the written documents of Minoan Crete, with special reference to the archives of Knossos, by Arthur J. Evans (Volume I, with xiv + 302 pages, 13 plates and many illustrations in the text. \$12.75). This is a book of high importance, the careful record of a considerable part of the extraordinarily able archaeological work

which has placed Dr. Evans in the front rank of really great discoverers. The whole work is planned in three volumes; the first includes the hieroglyphic and primitive linear classes of writing, together with some general discussion of pre-Phoenician scripts; the second and third will be given to a detailed publication of the documents of the advanced linear scripts. The whole will therefore constitute a corpus of the early Cretan written documents.

In Part i Dr. Evans discusses the antiquity and diffusion of pictographs and linear signs in Europe, the discovery and nature of each of the types of Minoan writing, and the survivals of the art of writing as the different phases of Cretan civilization passed away. Part iii is a study of the so-called Disc from Phaestos, discovered by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission in 1908.

(3) *Addresses and Essays*, by Morris H. Morgan (American Book Co. \$1.50). This book was issued only a few days before the gifted author's death, and is a valuable memorial of him. All but the first article had already appeared in print, but the collection is none the less desirable. Taken together they suggest a definition of what philology is when rightly understood; all are distinguished by a firm and aristocratic style; in the Greek and Latin verses at the end of the volume there is a real poetic quality, especially in the beautiful threnody on Professor Child.

(4) *Die Etruskische Bronzeleber von Piacenza*, by Frau von Bartels (Berlin: Springer). A new interpretation of the famous bronze liver of Piacenza found thirty years ago. Passing from one part of the object to another, the author comes to the conclusion that it is a reproduction of the Etruscan cosmological system. The monograph must be read carefully in order to obtain a definite view of the theory propounded.

(5) *Dionysius of Halicarnassus on Literary Composition*, text, introduction and translation, by W. Rhys Roberts (Macmillan. \$3.00). This volume for the first time makes fully available for a reader who knows the elements of the language, whether a Grecian or not, the most important work of one who is classed by Jebb as the best literary critic of antiquity and to whom Saintsbury assigns no mean rank as a critic without limitation of time. He ranks with Aristotle on Poetics and the anonymous author of *On the Sublime* (of which Roberts has brought out a second edition). The editor shows admirable technical scholarship, breadth of view and literary skill in the difficult task of translation. In the notes is abundant illustration from modern authors. There is a copious glossary, useful even for specialists in rhetoric, grammar, prosody, phonetics or music; three appendices, of which the second on word-order is very forceful, and a double index conclude the volume.

(6) *Acharnians of Aristophanes*, text and translation with commentaries, by B. B. Rogers (Macmillan. \$3.25). The *Knights* (by the same author and publisher \$3.25). The translations are vigorous and on the whole superior to Frere's. The varying meters of the Greek are rendered by correspondingly varying meters in the English. The six-stress lines of the dialogue portions of the Greek are rendered into the more agreeable five-stress lines in the English. Not only is the translation worthy of praise, but the puns are excellently well reproduced, particularly in the *Acharnians*, where Scotch and Irish serve for the translator to reproduce the broad Megarian and Doric dialects.

(7) On page 142 of *The Nation* is a letter to the editor from Professor W. C. Lawton, of Scranton, entitled *A Friendly Warning to Classicists*, which might well have appeared in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY*, and is well calculated to prod many a sleepy teacher.

On page 183 is a letter from Professor Goodell of Yale on *Greece Revisited*, particularly interesting in the discussion of Greek politics and forestry conservation.

(8) *Accidents of an Antiquary's Life*, by D. G. Hogarth (Macmillan. \$2.50). Many readers of *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* recall having heard Mr. Hogarth speak in this country several years ago on his great work for the British Museum at Ephesus. The personal and romantic tone coloring of this book makes it charming reading. His teacher was the great topographical student of Asia Minor, William Ramsay. He tells of his work in Lydia, Lycia and Phrygia, of his excavations at Ephesus, and how, happening in 1900 to be a war-correspondent in Crete, he searched for the Dictæan Cave, and near the modern Psychró he came with his Greek boys and girls upon a cave in whose recesses he found stalactites with copper articles deeply encrusted, but so numerous that they could at one time be extracted at the rate of one a minute. He has much to say also about archaeological work in Cyrene. He is good reading for anybody.

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